22, Hyde Park Gate
S.W.

27th Dec

My Violet,

I feel entirely at sea where or when this will reach you, if it ever does. It is too late to make a shot at Vancouver. We have separate lists of addresses, all ingeniously varied, in case we should get bored I suppose.

I find some difficulty in conceiving that there is a mind beginning to respect & esteem you. It will require a painful process of education before you can be capable of a serious attachment. I hear only vaguely & write at random. Lytton is reading Emerson to himself, & nothing else as far as I know. Kitty Kelly is in a state of Nervous Collapse & Kicking. Kicking women. Write us a long letter. We want it.

Ever
Lytton

22, Hyde Park Gate
S.W.

27th Aug 05

30

Dear Violet,

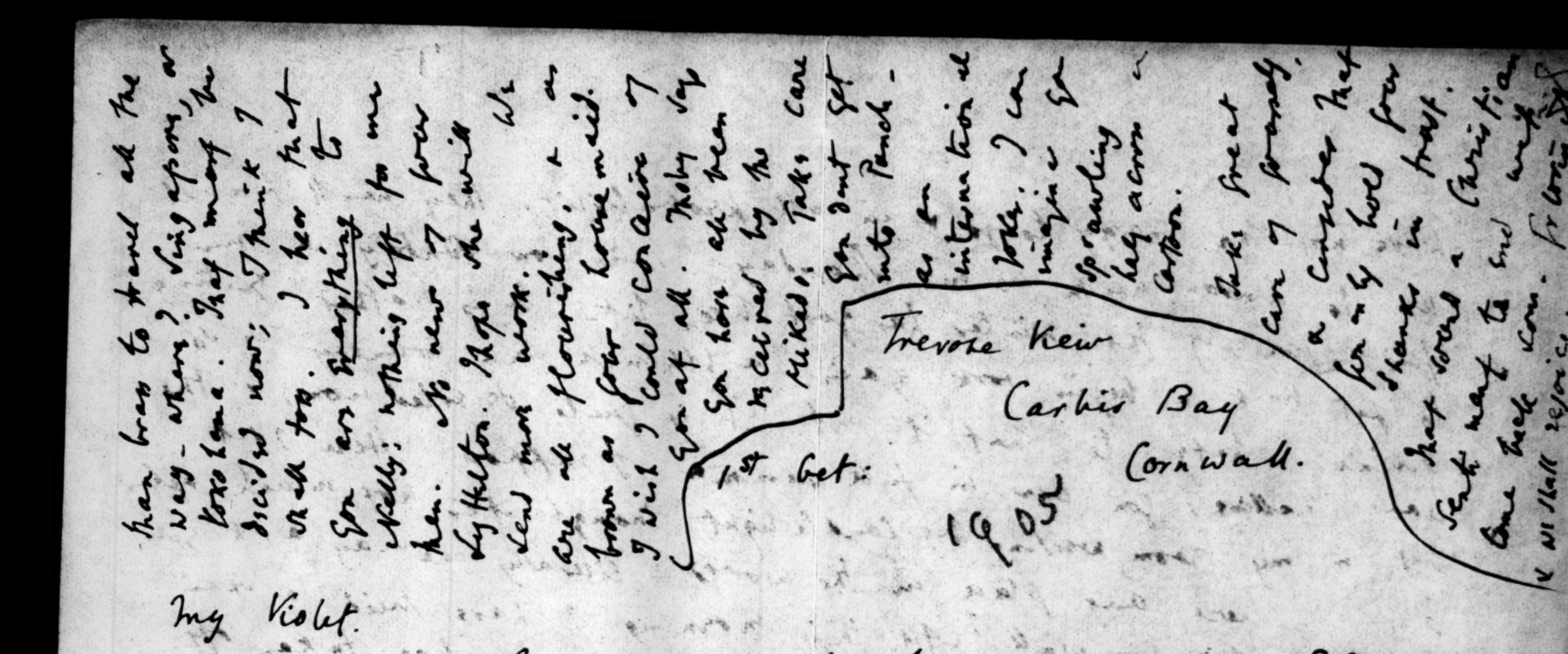
I feel entirely at sea where or when this will reach you, if it ever does. It is too late to make a shot at Vancouver. We have 6 separate lists of addresses, which are all ingeniously varied, in case we should get bored I suppose.

I find some difficulty in conceiving that there is anything we do at this moment that will interest you in some months time, on the other side of the globe. Nothing has happened, however. We have had no visitors, as Elena Rathbone & Pernel Strachey both fell through, & we have only Gerald to look forward to

next week. So our life is one of perfect
simplicity; Read & write all the morning,
walk in the afternoon, a play, Bridge, after
dinner. And you are flying across
Continents! But it isn't as dull
as it sounds, & the country makes up
for the society, almost people. Most war
underwritten with a purpose, my Violet.
We watched the sea for the seventh day
We supposed that you were on it,
it was rough every one of the seven.
I do wonder how you got through the
voyage in your tiny cabin. Did Nelly
& you share it, & were there delicacies
innumerable? I can imagine. Nivied
blushes, & shouted Confidences. Thank God
I was not in your place. I suppose
you have permanently attached to yourself
at least six fellow passengers, & that
all the Steerage wives bore their babies under
your guidance. Traill, by the way, is going

through a course of maternity work. However that
want interest you. Have you bought any
photographs yet? You dont go by Niagara, I hope.
Lord, there are quantities of things I want
answered at once. Not having a map here,
you have now failed entirely out of my ken.
My mental geography ends at America.
"Where is Yokohama?" say Nessa.
Thoby & Adrian are very nice & easy going;
they play piquet when they are not arguing
points of law. Nessa produces 2 canvases
a day; it is mad with difficulties of
the sea. This is a divine place, none
other like it in the world: I cant remember
where your cottage is to be. We decidedly
think of hiring a farm here for £10 a year;
it would be an economical thing to do, I think.
I am writing for my own pleasure, which is
rather a relief after my fourteen drudgery. I
can avail the sanctity of Love & Religion
without care for the Parsons morals. The
Quaker has written a pamplet about Christian
Science, to confute Mrs Butler. The Stephen
family seems to think no controversy complete
without their printed opinion. A wonderful
Haa! What a mercy it is, my good woman,

that I can write to you, as old ladies say, with perfect freedom. Otherwise this letter would read a little incoherent. Thoby has written to Bell to say he is very sorry: Nessa told him as she thought it better, & he says he long respected it. Bell had confessed that he could even give up hunting if necessary in order to marry. No news from Bell. No one I will here State, has yet asked me in marriage — I am writing 2 large works; one upon the letters of the Paston family; the other upon the nature & characteristics of the County of Cornwall: I want to learn how to write descriptive NYPL prose without adjectives. Both works show remarkable powers — because they are still unwritten. I dont suppose Euphrasia cares whether it rains or shines, but I imagine that it has been raining for 3 days running. Can you remember what rain looks like? I imagine that I am going to address this letter to Singapore, or Yokohama. At any rate you will have crossed another sea; a few next step will be taken in any direction. At present I can only think of a long & attenuated form sliding rapidly away from me across half the blue paper in the map. Take care of yourself my Violet. I have not left much room for emotion, which you must see in all the blank spaces. This painfully

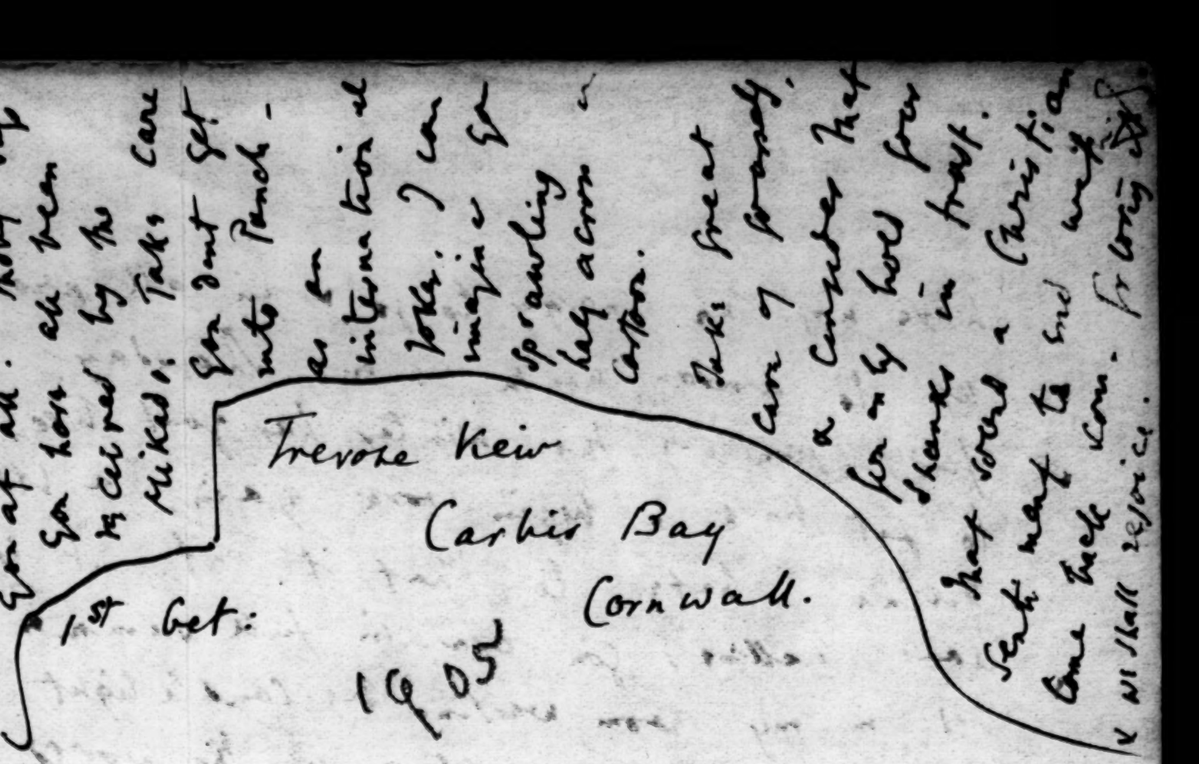


Mrs Hunt to stand at the
way-station? Visitors, or
boxes [illegible]. Not much
decided news; I think I
wish too. I hear that
Sir [illegible] to
Wally: nothing left for me
him. No news of poor
by Hilton. Hope the mail
send more words.
are all flourishing, + as
from us for [illegible].
I wish I could come
Sir at all. Holy Cup
Sir [illegible] at Truro
by car and by the
picked; Take care

My Violet.

We are already rather mixed by your system of addresses. Kitty says you won't go to Singapore at all: however this must take its chance. Writing to you at this distance is like talking to someone in the dark; & beggarly pen & ink though the staff-agony life (just received a cheque for £5 from the Guardian) carry a very short way. Besides which when you have sat stationary a whole fortnight in the country it seems unnecessary to write letters about nothing. Our longest expedition was to the Lands End, just 15 miles; & meanwhile for whirl thousands of Jerseys. However to a person of imagination the Lands End is as impressive as the Equator. We find some news of you in the papers; the Victorian went ashore after you left her. Perhaps you don't know it? What a chance for you! NYPL A real shipwreck, drowning victims, Corpses perhaps; what a pity you were done out of it. Oh Lord there are thousand things I want to know & to ask. We have had visitors for the last 4 weeks; Kitty's Les in lodgings; Gerald, Imogen Bob Sylvia Milman. Jack & now two Cambridge youths. These last are a great trial. They sit silent, absolutely silent all the time; occasionally they scrape to a corner & chuckle over a Latin joke. Perhaps they are falling in love with them; who knows? It would be a silent & very learned process. However I don't think they are [illegible] enough to feel very much. Oh women are my loss & not these inanimate creatures. The worst of it is that they

than how to travel all the
way - strange? Very sporty, or
how else. Not much
decided now; I think I
shall too. I hear that
Sea are fighting to
Wally: nothing left to
him. No news of
by Hilton. Hope the wind
send more work.
are all flourishing. +
from as fast
I visit I could conceive
Sea at all. Tabby
Sea how all
my cousins by the
Mikado; Take
Sea don't set
into Punch-



as an
intimation of
Jokes. I can
imagine Sea
sprawling
big across
carpet.

Take great
care I personally.
a Computer Act
for - by Lord
Stanley in front.
that would a Christian
Scott want to and must
Come back Come. For
V NI Shall Rejoice.

1st Set:

Tea
Sol

My Violet.

We are already rather mixed by your system of addresses. Kitty says You Wont Go to Singapore at all: however this must take its Chance. Writing to You at this distance is like talking to some one in the dark; & beggarly pen & ink though the staff of my life (Just received a cheque for £5 from the Guardian) carry a very short way. Besides which when You have sat stationary a whole 6 weeks in the Country it seems unnecessary to write letters about nothing. Our longest Expedition was to the Lands End, just 15 miles; & meanwhile for which thousands I daresay. However to a person of imagination the Lands End is as impressive as the Equator. We find some news of You in the papers; the Victorian went ashore after You left her. Perhaps You dont know it? What a chance for You! NYPL A real shipwreck, groaning victims, Corpses perhaps; what a pity You were done out of it. Oh Lord there are thousands of things I want to know & to ask. We have had visitors for the last 4 weeks; Kitty's Leo in lodgings; Gerald, Imogen Bock Sylvia Milman. Jack, & now two Cambridge youths. These last are a great trial. They sit silent, absolutely silent all the time; occasionally they escape to a corner & chuckle over a Latin joke. Perhaps they are falling in love with Rose: who know? It would be a silent & very learned process. However I dont think they are robust enough to feel very much. Oh Women are my fate & not these inanimate creatures. The worst of it is that they

have not the energy to go, & in all probability they will travel up to London with us on Thursday. It is now Sunday, & the first fires of the winter has just been lit. It is rather exciting to get back & begin work again, although the country is so divine I hate to shut it out. It is quite deserted now, & the leaves falling; you are in full summer I suppose. Here I sit cold in my room, writing by candle light though it is not much after six. Is there any place in the world - literally one may ask you that now - like Cornwall! All this morning I have tried to spin out words about it; so that the fine dream has been taken off my brain already. This is only skim milk for you. I have written quite a lot, always with your stern eye searching me out across the world. I wish I had you here to encourage. No one really takes very much interest, why should they, in my scribblings. Do you think I shall ever write a really good book? Anyhow I can manage rather better than I did though there are still awful bare & unprolific patches. Also I have read a good deal, mostly. It's the longing; that was my weak point. Writing is a divine art, & the more I write & read the more I love it. Stevie has done a lot of work, & far away, I think, her best work. Some of it is really good; I want her to live a room & have a studio show this winter. Her Club flourishes, & will begin immediately, I suppose. So we shall all get into swing again. I do wish you were in London; that is quite honest; I feel more than usually incompetent without you, & no one has quite your genius - Only the effervescent Green remains & Kitty who is to me as salt to a very sensitive snail. I like her better this time, rather simplified in the country, but there is always less in every sentence she speaks. Oh damn Leo I say. He lives in an unreal paradise; I am a kind of slug or snail here. By the way, Imogen Bosh is a real find; very clever & broad minded, with a great deal of character. But she is off to America. Don't tell me you mean to stay away till February - or I shall take the plugs never to get a decent term with a woman more - & think what that would mean to me. I am going to write to Kelly: though I think it is a case of bread on the waters to be washed up perhaps six months hence in Frognal Road. How allegoric I am tonight! I feel that these words ought to be more durable

or fear
must has
been a
principal
Vitiaplius.
Don't bury
me fury:
Come back
with a
shield or
upon it.

46 Gordon Square
Nov. 9th
1905

My Violet.

It suddenly strikes me that I shall only just catch you as you is; to have you been flying through space. I did write to you the other day, but finding it all dusty & out of date I think I must try again.

It is odd to think that we were at Asheham when I wrote before; we seem rooted & settled here for ages. In fact I barely know where is our manifold activities to begin. Should you think that was English? Heaven knows. I have had such a run of work as is not remembered for I can't say how many years: books from the Times, the Academy, the Guardian — It must be confessed that I write great nonsense, but you will understand that I have to make money to pay my bills. The Quaker won't see it; & talks with deep significance of serious work — not profitable.

46 Gordon Square,

Nov. 9th

1905

My Violet.

It suddenly strikes me that I shall early yet catch you as up is; to have you been flying through space. I did write to you the other day, but finding it all dusty & out of date I think I must try again.

It is odd to think that we were at St Ives when I wrote before; we seem rooted & settled here for ages. In fact I barely know where in our manifold activities to begin. Should you think that was English? Heaven knows. I have had such a rush of work as is not remembered for I can't say how many years; books from the Times, the Academy, the Guardian — It must be confessed that I write great nonsense, but you will understand that I have to make money to pay my bills. The Quaker went to see it; & talks with deep significance of Leonas work — not potboilers.

Do you know has there been a principal Distinction. Dent has the Vacant

Will be appointed.

Really I have almost more neeewing than I feel to be quite moral; but I manage some frocs & good English in between:
Then Nessa has fairly got her Club started: & they are to have an Exhibition at once, & can with just be in time to go with me to see it. Really that gives me quite a thrill. I have been frowsters so long that I shall suddenly feel respectable. Shall I buy a new hat to shed celebrate your return? I left for an emphatic red line is drawn under Dec: 3rd in my calendar. Nessa has written for so many sheets that I suppose I may be as foolish as I like here. Then we have our Thursdays; your husband came to one, in the midst of discussion upon the best place of Jesus Christ; the little poets were rather afraid of his evening dress, & huddled together in corner like moping owls - But he was very good for them - Then on Wednesday I have my English Composition; 10 people: 4 men 6 women. It is

I suppose the most useless class in the College; & the sheepshanks thanks. She sat through the whole lesson last night; & almost stamped with impatience. But what can I do? I have an old Socialist of 50, who thinks he must bring the Parents (the aristocrat. that is for a Wally) into an Essay upon statesmen; a Dutchman who thinks at the end of the class too. that I have been teaching him arithmetic; & anaemic shop girls who say they would write more but they only get an hour for their dinner, & there does'nt seem much time for writing. Alice started a French class; which lived for two lessons, & came to an end last night. Oh Morley College is a fine place & — can you find the explanation? The other night I had such a desire for you that I took down & read through your Tract, which brought me great comfort. Oh Thank God now you will have seen the world, & know all that is to be known; the mind of man, & the heart of woman. So stay at home & teach the young bears how to growl. I have made tentative efforts to sympathize myself with Margaret Postlethwaite & Katharine Horner; but Katharine answers

vaguely that she is in the Country, a dear Margaret
though a great force is rather oppressive in a
drawing room. But I adore all young women.
Kate Greenaway's life is just out; "Intimacy
with Miss Violet Dickinson" has a paragraph to
itself. "to Miss D. is particularly tolerant
re re re" though you seem to have been a great
comfort to her; for have had a past my Violet.
It strikes me that you are really something of a
celebrity — & not an improper one either. Aunt
Fanny says that Mrs Lysthellis gives a "melancholy
roar of laughter". I want to see her, a
fine round of mer, like a shaggy old Lioness with
wide jaws. & sent me 4 books to review; I am
still stuck in the 4th. I got two most
charming letters from you & Nelly the other day;
just as Wilson had put some stuff in my eyes
so that for nearly 3 days I couldn't read a word,
It was really fearful; & often had to decipher
Nelly's, as I couldn't wait for Nessa to come down
& I didn't dare give him Epsom. What fascinating
of your body will be thrown to me among the
howling crowd of your friends? The widening

Hamill 9/11/06

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Dec 1905

My Violet.

I don't know if you are really back. I am much excited to think you are. It is an immense pleasure — no English will do the work.

Let me know whenever you are not in the arms of Crum Ley Ellison &c &c. & recognise your labours & claims.

Oh Lord - for an a good woman to have come home at last.

I can come most times —

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Sunday.

Dec 12 - 1905

My Violet,

It is a great & damnable disappointment that you aren't back. I had counted when this sunday. However, there is no more to be said; & I hope your brother is better. - that this will be too late to catch you.

You were badly wanted yesterday, at Nessi's Exhibition, it was successful, I think, except that the room was small & dingy & dark, - We had to carry round lamps when the light gave out. But I think people were interested in their

pictures, & there were no very bad ones.
Nessa showed up well. The
Clive flourishes, & begins to grow
which is a healthy sign. You will be
in the thick of it all soon, so I won't
go into details. NYPL As a study of
human nature I find it very amusing;
but thank the Lord I am not responsible.
Our Nessa goes ahead, & clashes about-
her, & manages all the business &
upsets all her friends pictures, & domp-
ment a bit. She is said to have
a genius for organisation: & it all
seems to interest her – & would bore me
to death. On Friday Ella dines
here & goes with us. But
for with Lear all these things generally
What a mercy! I think I hate writing

letters about facts. & I grow too stupid to write fiction. I had a most charming letter from Nelly: the only thing that palls is her praise of you. It isn't healthy to be so appreciative. A good snarl - nasty sarcasm - & home truths - that is the right stuff for friendship. I think with pleasure of several stiff words we have had together. The last on the platform of the underground railway.

I am going to lunch with Lyttelton on Tuesday: asked a fortnight ago, so I suppose there is a literary party. I have written a lot for her lately: I enclose two proofs: they aren't really up to much; but one was a bit that I had to get through. I could write that she had a finer literary taste sometimes; she sticks her broad thumb into the middle grey delicate sentences. & improves the moral tone. If I could get enough work elsewhere I don't think I should bother about the Guardian. The Speaker happily wants me to write for them; & they have just sent 2 vols. of interviews [illegible]

for me to review. This is more interesting than novels; & it is not a bad paper. You see, when you are away here I have no one to talk to with perfectly unrestrained egoism.

Last night we dined with Savage; a party of 16 - & my word, it was dull. You must make some orderly disposition of your corpse before you set back; I don't think Ella now that she has adopted a son is in the running at all. There are possibilities there; I won't go talk to you about; but I shant attempt to write. NYPL

Yr loving

A.G.

I saw Katherine Stephen the other day; with Lady Margaret Sackville, Cecily & some one else; they all sat on the floor, & talked Hebrides.